

# OUR ELECTED CONGRESS

By Richard Tornello © 2011

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Of purloined poison, their words are spoken  
Our congress, and its maj-es-ty.  
They speak of glory, (tis all in vain).  
Yet, hoping for a truthfull token,  
I cling to their words,  
like a fly on turds,  
and wonder, what shit for brains!

No second thoughts,  
No first ones either.  
Oh what they will  
to US.  
Admitted dunces on subjects fronted  
and still,  
pronounces, ...laws, ...that/are/ inane.

They straight face claim it's not a game,  
and done so in our name.

It's plain to view  
they're not like me,  
and certainly...not/like/you.  
For if we were to,  
and carry on too, and in their way too,  
we'd be in jail  
without bail  
or run out on a rail.

More likely though  
we'd be locked up  
with suits of white,  
strapped real tight  
and arms behind our backs.  
For only madmen,(and women too),  
would have US believe  
what they've been tellin you.

